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# The Mirror



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# The Mirror

VOL. XVI.—No. 44

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## What Will Stop Roosevelt?

By William Marion Reedy

WHAT a plight is the country in! There is no one opposed in any effective way to Theodore Roosevelt.

This is not good for a democracy. It shows, indeed, a degeneration of democracy. It indicates an abdication of individuality in citizenship that all should surrender to the imposition upon us of the will and the wisdom of one individuality.

Good as he is, fervent for right, instant in effort for results for all, great as he undoubtedly is in that, if in nothing else, he has the personality to capture and hold popular faith and imagination—yet there is too much Theodore Roosevelt!

Need one specify the particulars in support of this? Surely not. It is known of all men that, in the common acceptance, Theodore Roosevelt is the Government. We have never known in this country such a personal Government—such a personification of Government—not even in the days of Andrew Jackson.

This is not well.

No one in the opposition party in Congress really fights Roosevelt. His own party growls and grumbles here and there, but it submits. His tongue or his pen annihilates politically, with an epithet, the man who differs with him. Engineer Wallace, Ambassador Storer, this Senator or that—if they dissent from him he speaks and they vanish in the void.

Congress is a class that he lectures in his messages day by day. Cabinet members are but messenger boys. All the news of national affairs centers in and then radiates from him.

When he outlines a policy, the public seems to take for granted that what he wishes to be actually is, He has slain the Octopus. He has disciplined the railroads. He has built the canal. He has done everything. California forgives him for declaring he will have Japanese treated there otherwise than as California law treats them. The South forgives him for lunching with Booker Washington. Wall street forgives him for attacking capital. Union Labor forgives him for the open shop in the National Printing Office. The Army forgives him his favoritism in promotion. What he does, however repugnant to established ideas, takes on something of right because it is done by Roosevelt.

Attempt as we may to disguise the fact, Theodore Roosevelt is a dictator, and all of us are metaphorically upon our bellies begging him to "dictate some more."

No President was ever so little criticised or with such a tenderness for his good points. Why is this? Because of the lingering memory of the sentimental slush that was indulged in, after McKinley's assassination, on the theory that harsh criticism and rough caricatures and cartoons nerved the maniac Czolgoszcz to his deed.

Friendly though I be to Theodore Roosevelt, approving, as I do, the general trend of his policies and activities, believing in his sincerity as I am convinced of his tremendous energy, yet I must say that Theodore Roosevelt is having too much of his own way.

Neither for our good, nor for his own is it that he should be "all the works."

His drift is unmistakably in a direction away from government by the three co-ordinate branches of government—legislative, executive, judiciary. It is not his fault that he has us nationally hypnotized. It is our fault alone. We have almost deified him as "the man who does things." And while most of the things he does are right, he is doing some of them in a way to establish precedents that will destroy the very democratic or republican principles which he strives for. He does it because public opinion backs him up almost solidly, heedless of how he gets his results.

In days to come this complaisance of ours will return to plague us. We shall find that we have encouraged the development of a one man power. For every time we have applauded Roosevelt for stepping beyond or a little aside from his authority, we shall suffer under the domination of some successor of his that shall not be so much in accord with our feelings and our convictions.

What this country needs at this hour, more than it needs anything else in the world, is the generation of a sound and healthy opposition to Theodore Roosevelt. It can't come from the Senate—it is not near enough to the people. It gives no sign of being latent in the House. If it be existant anywhere it is as yet afraid—of the people.

The people are drunk with glamour—with the ingenuous charm of Roosevelt's frankness, with the human nature of his foibles, with the glory of his soldiering, with the success of his interposition between Japan and Russia, with the courage he has shown in attacking wealth and privilege, with his ebullient assertion of nationality, with his thumping domestic virtues, with the homely directness of his homilies, with his scorn of tradition, with his disregard of limitations upon his official functions. They might be in a rage if he were opposed.

But the people will get sober, after their intoxication with Roosevelt, and the headache will be severe and last long. A little bromo for the people, somebody!

What and who will stop Roosevelt?

For our own sake, and for that we love him as we do.

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## The Patrick Murder Case

By W. M. R.

NO one will particularly object to Gov. Higgins' commutation of the death sentence upon Albert T. Patrick to imprisonment for life. Everyone will admire the devotion of his sister and her husband, John T. Milliken, of St. Louis, that furnished Patrick with the means wherewith to make his long and successful fight to escape the electric chair for the alleged murder of old man Rice. But nevertheless and notwithstanding, many people will question whether Patrick could have escaped execution if he



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had not had devoted relatives who could and would spend a quarter of a million dollars in his behalf. It is pretty nearly the general opinion that money saved him. Not necessarily money wrongly expended, either; but only the money necessary to pay the legitimate expenses of lawyers, transcripts, fees of experts, transportation of witnesses for thousands of miles to testify in the defendant's behalf, etc. This being the case, does it not follow that the poor man charged with crime is at a disadvantage under the law? If the full benefit of the protection of a man's life against the law can only be procured by a man with money to grease the law's machinery, is the law an institution conserving equity and equality for all? Clearly the answer to these questions is that the law can be legally bought for the man who has the price, while to the man who has not the price there are rights under the law denied him because of his lack of the price. The poor defendant at criminal law is as bad off as the poor suitor at civil law, against a wealthy person or corporation, unless he can find some one to finance him, either for love and affection in one case, or for a contingent share in the sum recovered, in the other case. No one finds fault with those who help their friends to escape punishment. You or I would be poor sticks if one close to us were charged with crime and we did not come to his assistance to prevent conviction and use every effort to save him from an ignominious death after conviction. We would do that on the strength of disbelief in guilt at least to the extent of belief in mitigating circumstances. All well and good, but you and I can't help our friends at odds with the law unless we have the funds, while the man with funds can wear out the law. Men have been hanged because they or their friends had not enough money to pay for the printing of transcripts from lower courts to back up appeal to higher courts. Justice is for sale. The rich have an advantage in the courts. Some defendants are favored above others. Everyone charged with crime should have the benefit of every technical move that was made in the Patrick case. Lack of money should not bar him from any right that Patrick's money secured to Patrick. The law is a farce, when it operates only for money, and is amenable to the influences that money can call to the aid of its possessor. The Patrick case is proof conclusive that the operation of law is not a square deal, and this is said with all consideration of the rightful, proper feeling that actuated Mr. and Mrs. Milliken in their successful endeavor to save Mrs. Milliken's brother, for we are all in favor of the enforcement of the law until it strikes near home—God help us if we were incapable of such inconsistency. But, appealing to that humane and kindly and commendable inconsistency—what of the poor devil in the clutch of the law who has no money and no friends? Shouldn't the State secure to him everything that it permits to the accused who has both? It should.

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## Reflections

By W. M. R.

Mr. Fitch and Miss Walsh

MR. CLYDE FITCH is to be congratulated upon his discovery, after many years of dramaturgical prospecting, of the greatest thing in the world—Life. His play, "The Straight Road," presented for the first time on any stage, in this city, last Sunday night, is vital. Best of all, it is vital with goodness, rather than with intellectual smartness. Mr. Fitch has done something that was worth doing in showing us the triumph of *Houston Street Moll* over herself and her social contemners.

And Miss Blanche Walsh, in portraying the role, demonstrates herself an actress great in restraint, searching in comprehension and finely compassionate. Of its kind, and it is a kind both high and deep, there is nothing on our stage superior to Miss Walsh's appeal to the emotions in the part named. It is not a phase of character she gives, but a whole personality, rounded, complete, with very human faults; sane with humor and sound with a moral that does not preach at all. Between them, Mr. Fitch and Miss Walsh have given the public something for which the public will be grateful—a real human being rising superior to fate, by the choice, within herself, of better things.

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## Exit 1906

THE year 1906 has been full of a number of things, but fuller of Roosevelt than of anything else, except earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and he's in their class, or they're in his class. Fairly well stocked with prosperity has the year been, too, but Roosevelt, with a little aid from earth and air and sun and cloud, has been responsible for that, as well.

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## Will "The Elks" Spare the Elk.

FROM the far Northwest comes the news that at the present rate of slaughter by huntsmen, it is but a question of a few years until that magnificent animal, the elk, will be extinct. Once the elk was found everywhere, "from the Carolinas to Alaska"; now it is found only in the Olympic Peninsula, in northwestern Washington, and Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. It is said that there are not more than five hundred elk in the Olympic Mountains. A recent article describing the slaughter of these splendid beasts says that it is carried on chiefly because "elk tusks bring fancy prices owing to their use in the badges of members of a great secret order." This means the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. It is a pity if such a good order should be responsible for the ruthless killing of this gigantic deer, solely to provide a tawdry and paltry decoration. The men of the Order of Elks are men of kind heart. It is, in fact, a by-word that an Elk is a good fellow. The order is based upon kindness and gentleness. Therefore is it a ghastly anachronism that an order so founded should be the cause, for a mere bauble, of the threatened disappearance of a noble animal. The elk tooth badges thus become symbols of cruelty equally as shocking to any refined sense as the appearance upon the bonnets of gentle women of the plumage of slaughtered birds. It would seem to be in order for members of the Elks to do something to put an end to the killing of the fine creature that gives its name to the organization. A general refusal to wear these elks' teeth would be a thing of honor more than many badges could symbolize. Simply to stop wearing the teeth as pins, watch charms, cuff buttons, etc., by members of the society, would put a stop to the cruelty, the useless waste of animal life. Nothing would do so much to make the elk a true symbol of nobility and gentleness of character. The House at Washington has passed a bill to protect and multiply the elk, to prohibit under heavy penalties, hunting, trapping, killing, capturing or pursuing game animals, birds and fish in the area of 750,000 acres to be designated by the President in the Olympic Forest Reserve, created in 1897, after October 1st, 1915, though, there will be a six months' open season for elk hunting, outside the reserve in Washington. This forest reserve is a magnificent trackless wilderness, with mountains, dense woods, swift rivers, in which "almost every animal known to the American fauna is to be met with." It would be a good and worthy thing if the members of the Order of Elks

would co-operate with Congress to the end of preserving the animals by refusing further to wear any elk tooth badges. The order could not be much better engaged on a side issue to its charitable purposes than in concerted effort for the preservation of a beautiful form of stately animal life.

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WILL the writer of a communication dated Dec. 20th, and signed "A Witness," please call upon the editor of the MIRROR?

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## Free Ferries

WHAT's the matter with free ferries between St. Louis and East St. Louis, to compete with the bridges and terminals and thus bring down rates on freight in less than car-load lots? This is the remedy to help the small shipper. It will cost the city not one-tenth of what a free bridge will cost, leaving out new terminals. On free ferries everyone can transfer his own goods, if a transfer company's wagons will not do it cheaper. The free ferries proposition is the easiest, quickest, cheapest way to secure competition with the present bridges and bring down rates, arbitrary and otherwise.

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YES; we surely do need an elastic currency. Have you seen any that would stretch enough thoroughly to cover Christmas?

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## Prosperity Minus

THIS queer country. It has such a surfeit of business that the business can only be done at a loss. There aren't enough cars, enough labor, enough money to go around. We are stuffed full of prosperity so that we are uncomfortable. This is the story that comes from the offices of the plutocrats, and from the editors who serve the interests of the rich. But the prosperity is not soaking down to the workers. The wages are high, but with the uplift of wages the purchasing power of money has gone down. The purchasing power of money has gone down because the value of gold has been depreciating, say some. But is it not likely that some of the great captains of industry could tell us that the price of things has been put up higher by combinations, etc., than the wages have increased? Every salaried man knows that everything has gone up but his salary. Most of our prosperity is at the top. The discontent now prevalent shows there's no prosperity down below.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL PERSHING, jumped by Presidential favor over 175 senior officers, is said to have deserted a native wife in the Philippines. But she has married again, and so she wasn't badly hurt in heart. Besides, Pershing is a relation, by marriage, of a powerful Senator. The promotion will stand, and the army will have to stand it, liking or unliking.

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## P.-D.'s Single Tax Views

PRETTY soon we shall all be Georgians. The *Post-Dispatch*, in an editorial last Saturday upon the reason why the City of London revolted against its progressive County Council, speaks out like an almost fanatic disciple of George. London wouldn't stand the tax involved in the stupendous improvements that were voted by the Council to transform the filthy ancient town into a modern, healthy city. The improvements were needed. All agreed as to that. What was the trouble? Why couldn't London stand the cost last year, \$119,500,000, of letting in light and air; and letting the people out to larger life? London is the richest city in the world. Why wasn't the money forthcoming. Listen to the *Post-Dispatch*: "They (the County Council) needed money. And they



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needed as a matter of justice as well as policy, to get it from those most able to give it. And yet they overlooked the biggest source of income for the city. The land owners of London, as land owners, pay no more to-day in local taxes than they did in the seventeenth century. American cities assess values in land annually, or at least with great frequency. The land of Great Britain, including the enormously valuable land on which London is built, has not been valued for the purposes of taxation since the year 1692. The land owners of London have shirked every cent of the taxation which they ought to have paid on account of the tremendous increase in values during a period of over two centuries. This amounts to over a hundred millions of dollars a year lost by the city." Why lost by the city? Because the city made the money by the mere fact of its growth. This money goes into private pockets. It should go into the public treasury. Tax out of the land, for community benefit, what community activities create and you tax in accord with natural justice. That value is more than enough to enable any government to remit all the other taxes now imposed. The *Post-Dispatch* has the clew. If it follows the clew, it will become a great Georgian paper.

♦♦♦  
In ten years, since 1896, say the statisticians, prices of things in the United States have gone up 55 per cent. In the same ten years wages has increased only from 10 to 20 per cent. The difference is the "rake off" for the "superior classes."

### Ambassador Bryce

JAMES BRYCE, who understands us better than any foreigner who has studied us, not even excepting De Tocqueville, is to be British Ambassador to this country. The appointment strikes all Americans as ideal. Even the Irish Americans approve, for he is an out-and-out friend of home rule for Ireland. Great Britain purposes honoring us the more by giving Mr. Bryce a title before sending him over. This is hardly to our taste. No title can honor James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth" and "The Holy Roman Empire." Yankeeland would prefer to receive and honor him as Mr. James Bryce.

### Jerome's Explanations

THE statement of District Attorney Jerome's position, which appears in the *Times Magazine* for January, may satisfy the public—though not the *Chicago Public* from which this paragraph is wholly "lifted"—but it wouldn't satisfy them if they were like the business man who wants results from his employes and not excuses. Jerome's excuses for not prosecuting men prominent in the financial world for stealing trust funds for campaign contributions are plausible enough as excuses, but Mr. Jerome would hardly have made them had the thieves been labor agitators, instead of financiers. Imagine, for instance, his refraining from prosecuting Sam Parks, the labor boodler, on the ground that Parks had acted "on the advice of counsel." Or, imagine his refraining from prosecuting a criminal labor conspiracy because the conspiracy was organized without the expression of a criminal purpose by anyone in criminal language. From this very magazine statement of Jerome's case, a friendly statement, it is evident that, in Mr. Jerome's eye, there are social classes which, for substantially the same conduct, must be handled differently by the criminal law.

### Injustice

THE fact remains that in the discharge without honor of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, a whole battalion

is disgraced for the act of fifteen men, done while the remainder of the battalion was asleep. The innocent suffer with and for the guilty, and more than the guilty. Simply to state the case is to emphasize the injustice of the punishment.

### Two Bright Lights

ATTORNEY-GENERAL HADLEY has completely passed up his case against the Standard Oil Company. Missouri has thus secured the first actual, decisive knock-out against the octopus. And Hadley has done it without any red light or brass band effects. He has done it with little talking to the press. His work has unmasked the Standard evasions and distortions of law with a thoroughness that results practically in the trust's surrender and confession. Missouri should begin soon to show some of the same appreciation for Hadley that it has shown of Folk. They are a splendid team of youngsters who shed distinction upon the service of the public.

### "Entertaining" Legislators

Gov. FOLK is almost "up to" the crisis of his career—the next Legislature. All the more important Senators and Representatives have been dropping in to St. Louis, "by twos and threes and single" for the past two weeks. And few of them have escaped being handsomely and graciously entertained by Mr. Harry B. Hawes, attorney and political leader for certain prominent interests. These legislators are all "felt out" as to how far they will let Folk have his way. They are reported as being ready to support him on everything but the things he has most at heart. They are ready to do pretty nearly everything for him except those things that may tend to make him the next United States Senator from Missouri. Gov. Folk needs just now, an "entertainment committee" in this city, and it is doubtful if he can secure one as capable as the enemies of Folkism have obtained in Mr. Hawes. It is dubious, too, if he can call upon the resources responsive to demands of this sort that are available to the handsome and socially captivating Mr. Hawes.

## Ellis Wainwright

By W. M. R.

THE MIRROR notes that it is now purposed by the State to "nab" Mr. Ellis Wainwright, late of St. Louis, now a resident of Paris, under a retroactive extradition treaty, whenever Mr. Wainwright may visit England, as, it is said, he has been in the habit of doing, from time to time. The extradition treaty runs as to England, but not as to France.

Mr. Wainwright is charged with having indorsed, with another man, a note on which the Suburban Railroad Company raised money wherewith to bribe the St. Louis Municipal Assembly to pass a bill.

Upon this charge the other man has been tried in open court. Upon the State's evidence this other man was ordered acquitted by the presiding judge.

The evidence against Mr. Wainwright is exactly the same as the evidence against his co-indorser of the note. The one man knew as much or as little about the purpose for which the money was raised as the other. The State's case is just as strong against one man as it was against the other. Against the other man it was not strong enough to justify the court in hearing testimony for the defense.

This being the case, it would be absurd to drag Mr. Wainwright to trial. To do so would entail useless expense to the State.

Mr. Circuit Attorney Sager should get up in court a fine morning early in 1907 and enter a *nolle prosequi* to the indictment of Ellis Wainwright.

Suppose a more or less yellow press does howl. What of it? Mr. Wainwright, millionaire, has as much right to simple justice as the poorest man in St. Louis. There is no case against him; since there was no case against the man who joined him in the act for which both were indicted.

"Why," says some one, "doesn't Ellis Wainwright come home, stand trial and prove his innocence?" No man under the law has to "prove his innocence." It is the State's function to prove his guilt, if possible. But this is not possible, as to Mr. Ellis Wainwright, as we have shown. Therefore, it is the State's duty to dismiss the indictment.

## The Lady Poverty

By W. M. R.

Tucson, Ariz., Dec. 17, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Reading your Henry George lunacies makes me ask: What's the origin of property?

LUCIUS P. FRISBIE.

WHEN Adam and Eve got into their trouble in the Garden of Eden, after commerce with the serpent, "more subtil than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." She ate; he ate; then:

And the eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig leaves together and made themselves aprons.—GENESIS III, 7.

By their labor they created property. Their first sin brought on this creation of property. It was the first transgression after the Original Sin. Property does not exist until work has been done to produce it.

In "The Holy Commerce of the Blessed Francis with the Lady Poverty" (circa 1227) a monk quotes the Lady Poverty as saying: "And when I saw my Companion clothed with the skins of dead beasts, I left him altogether, for he had been cast forth to multiply his labors, whereby he might become rich."

It would be a good thing if many of our economic publicists would read this little book "The Holy Commerce, etc.," which Montgomery Carmichael has translated into beautiful English and published with a history of the manuscript, and a chapter upon the spiritual significance of evangelical poverty by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. G. (Tennant and Ward, New York.) Saint Francis of Assissi incarnated revolt against the vulgar materialism of his time. "Standing against the dark background of Avarice and Luxury which had already infested the growing commercial centers of the mediaeval world, he throws the light of his own clear personality into the dark corners of our own life." His Poverty is not our squalid, heart-breaking, modern idea of poverty, but consists with a pure joy. To him Poverty means "detachment of heart from the possession or achievement of material gain and from its attendant pleasure." There are a great many people who waste time reading Tolstoi. They should read Saint Francis of Assissi, who, not only loved poverty, but the birds and the beasts and even called fire his brother, and had a soul for simple, natural beauty in the world. One of the most interesting books of the last decade is Paul Sabatier's "Life of Francis of Assissi" and a complementary book is the "Chronicle of Fra Salimbene," only recently translated, in which is given a vividly realistic picture of life in monasteries and out of them, a short while after Francis passed away. "The Lady Poverty" is a good introduction to the study of the spiritual and mental cure for the evil of a materialistic and sybaritic time; "for what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"



## Kindly Caricatures

(88) E. G. Lewis

OUR leading finance seer! But because he was "seeing things" the Post Office department put his big People's United States Bank out of business. The authorities thought that he thought he was the people he wanted to befriend, so the bank's mail was held up, there was a receivership and lots of excitement.

But E. G. Lewis thrives on excitement, though he doesn't get excited. He just faces things with a sort of baby smile, half-cunning and half-sad, and goes on, shifting his schemes to fit untoward conditions.

Remarkable man, E. G. Lewis. After organizing watch clubs and peddling corn cures and running endless chains, he starts a *Woman's Magazine* and runs it up to a circulation of one million copies, each one of which is an atrocity against literature, but the advertising rate is \$6.50 per line or \$91 an inch. The magazine goes for 10 cents a year, and the 10 cents isn't altogether necessary.

He puts up a scheme whereby he sells you a device to control the telephone receiver so that no one can send a message without depositing a nickel. But the telephone companies put a stop to that. Then he invents a patent cork and sells oodles of stock—to the readers of his paper. Then he starts a bank on sheer Christian Science principles and rakes in a million cold, until Uncle Sam interposes. Meanwhile he buys with nothing a tract of land, bonds it, sells it in parcels, erects the model newspaper and magazine printing plant of the world, establishes a town around it, has himself elected Mayor and cleans out all the dives in the vicinity. Next he founds a *National Woman's Daily* and gets a million subscribers in no time—and Lord knows what he'll do next.

And all on no capital except that open-eyed babyish smile and the most incomprehensible genius for thinking in figures that the world has known since John Law. Figures and schemes! He couldn't keep a record of all his schemes—each for nothing short of a sum bigger than the national debt—even if he had a thought record attached to his head like a speedometer to an automobile. And talk. He can out-talk a phonograph factory with every machine turned on full tilt. And talk well, too. A velvety sort of talk, with an ingratiating sweetness. Its effect is hypnotic. As you listen you can see the air full of thousand dollars bills and the music of the spheres becomes the jingle of the guinea. All things seem not only plausible, but as probable as they are possible. He has everything figured out to the last detail. To stupendous financial propositions he is what Blind Tom was to music.

And write! My Lord! There's no one from here to Babylon who can write a prospectus like he can. His products in this line are masterpieces. He soothes and lulls you into acceptance of his altruistic intentions, then, before you know it, you are fired with fervor for his project. It is put to you in a remarkable combination of honey-sweet, semi-religious, home-and-family, John Alexander Dowie, Mary Baker G. Eddy phraseology, with the semblance of the straightout kind of hard sense. Through it all runs the subtlest kind of glorification of himself—so subtle that it must be unconscious with him. It is all so woven together that you can hardly pull it apart. It creates a great total effect while blurring the details. And it is all based upon the most ancient platitudes as to morals, some of which have nothing to do with the project at all. There has never been in the world such hypnotic writing, such an appeal to cupidity concealed under exalted intentions.

When you come to separate his schemes into their component parts there is nothing to them apparently but an insidiously effective suggestion to the reader to

trust him, Lewis. He is a veritable necromancer. He can multiply your money merely by touching it. He is honest. He can't fail. Just think what he has at stake. You only think you think, of course. All Lewis has at stake is your money. And always he is doing the thing that comes just outside the law. He is scheming in a way on which no conservative business man would take chances. His statements always say, on analysis, something they don't seem to say.

Time and again the law officers have gotten after him, but always he is not guilty—that is to say, *not quite guilty* of what he is suspected of. And his in-

in other ways. His talk to them in his publication, his silken, elusive, suave prospectus talk, has made him a big issue in the land.

Lewis, whose relation to literature is a ghastly joke, stands for a free press and for free mails. The people who have read his spiels, all very gently, even resignedly expressed, believe that the postal authorities destroyed his bank without giving him a trial under the law, that they held up his mail without any legal procedure, but solely by arbitrary orders of a department having no judicial status whatever. He has convinced hundreds of thousands that his property was taken and destroyed by an abhorrent and

illegal and arbitrarily created press censorship over the subscription lists of his paper. His mail was marked fraudulent before he was convicted of fraud. And this was not done by any court, but by postal officials having no authorized judicial functions. The MIRROR's criticism of Lewis' bank brought about the government action against that bank and against his paper. Yet the MIRROR believes that the method of repression was extra-judicial, that the proceedings were not under forms of law that protect a man's life and liberty. The MIRROR may think Lewis is this or that, that his schemes may be bad or worse, that he should be kicked by an electric mule for his pretensions to an identification with literature, that he is a victim of a monetary megalomania that simulates something like supreme fiduciary genius—but that doesn't matter. Lewis has rights, no matter what he may be, and his case calls attention to the evil of letting this or that fourteenth assistant to the thirty-third assistant postmaster general cut a man off

from those mail facilities which are the life of his business without giving him a hearing in a properly constituted court. If without trial my mail is denied me, am I not segregated, deprived of liberty, as much as if I were clapped in jail? Lewis has all this liberty-conserving sentiment behind him, and the demand for the abolition of mail censorship is a rising issue—whether Lewis be a saint or a scamp.

Lewis is an extraordinarily gifted man, a man moreover who inspires the utmost devotion in others. He is one of those men with such an absence of small vices that cynics are keeping their eyes upon him for big ones. If, as certain proceedings have implied, he is crooked, it might be said "he is so crooked he doesn't know it." But this leads to the idea that his financial skill and genius are only damned because they are so far in advance of his time as to be incomprehensible to the fogies who denounce him. However that may be, E. G. Lewis has evolved out of his inner consciousness, his childlike smile, his soft speech and his gentle air and the pockets of the people a marvelously complicated and imposing structure of finance. It may be but a shell inclosing a fallacy, a glamorous house of interior corruption, but it has withstood the assault of no less potent a power than that of the United States, and Mr. Lewis still talks and talks and smiles and smiles. A man may smile and smile and *not* be a villain, you know.



E. G. LEWIS

investigators are almost always stuck in the honey he exudes upon them, while he manoeuvres—not to say wriggles—to a position in which he is fortified against their findings. The things he does always wear the superficial air of being only the simplest sort of financiering and it's harder for the analysts to prove what they are not than for Lewis to prove that they're practicable. For he can talk so fast and reason by such wide leaps that he clears all the bogs and tangled undergrowths between his premisses and conclusions.

Fascination is a quality of his in supreme degree. He is charming, even while he is dazzling, or even razzle-dazzling. He anticipates your every question. He is not over anxious, apparently, to win you, but nonchalant, though with a boyish delight in telling you of himself and the wonders he has done and yet will do. There are a million people and more who think Lewis is an infallible modern Midas. More than that; they think him a martyr. When the government sent back to them the money they put into Lewis' bank, they just turned the money back to Lewis



## Finance and Economics in 1906

By Francis A. House

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, record-breaking crops, monetary disorder and phenomenal industrial prosperity proved the most influential, favorable and unfavorable factors in economic development in this country in the year now drawing to a close. In the security markets, the ups and downs in prices were, at times, startling in extent. The San Francisco catastrophe upset financial calculations on both sides of the Atlantic, besides producing a smart smash on the New York stock exchange. The intense strain in the money market was evidenced by exorbitant interest rates, deficits in bank reserves, wholesale borrowing by New York bankers in London, Paris and Berlin. Owing to the depletion of its reserves by gold withdrawals for the United States, Egypt and South America, the Bank of England was compelled to advance its rate of discount from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 6 per cent. or to the highest level touched since November, 1899.

But for the palpable proofs of opulence and prosperity, this array of perturbing factors would have induced a serious shrinkage in security values. The daring protagonists of the *a la hausse* movement in New York had found means to replenish their capital resources partly through dubious methods of financing. It is strongly suspected that some of the great railroad and industrial corporations did not hesitate to lend their own surplus funds in Wall street, to be used in the promotion of stock-jobbing schemes. The legislative restrictions placed recently upon the lending of insurance funds have, so far, failed to have anything like a depressing effect in the speculative world. The high rates for call and time loans undoubtedly served to restrict "bull" operations, but did not provoke the looked-for flood of liquidation. The reason for this is not far to seek. It can be found in the enormous sums of money (estimated at \$500,000,000) advanced by European banks on American securities for periods of six or twelve months. As long as these loans do not mature, or are recalled for reasons of increasing monetary stringency in Europe, the "bull" pools and syndicates in New York will be able to keep up their end of the line without serious trouble.

The total gold importations on account of the Pacific Coast disaster aggregated about \$15,000,000. British insurance companies were severely hit by the calamity. The magnitude of the sudden demand upon their resources forced them to liquidate a large portion of their investment shares and bonds. This selling must be held responsible for the persistent weakness in high-class British issues in the last six months. The blocks of American securities thrown on the market at the same time, and for the same reason, were readily absorbed by banks and investors, though, of course, not at quotations such as they would have recorded say, a year ago. In addition to the above amount of \$45,000,000, there was imported some \$40,000,000 in gold for the purpose of relieving the growing disquieting pinch in the money market. Ever since the fall of 1905, symptoms of monetary stringency cropped out repeatedly. In December last year, money rose as high as 125 per cent in New York. In the spring months of the current year the New York Associated Banks showed deficits in reserves for the first time in twenty-five years. A few days ago, call money in New York was hard to obtain at 35 per cent. At no time since January 1, 1906, did the time rate sink below  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The majority of such loans was made at 6, 7 and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, some making even at 8

per cent. Prime commercial paper is quoted at rates not registered since 1903.

The precarious money situation, together with urgent appeals for succor, necessarily induced the Secretary of the Treasury to adopt relief measures. Mr. Leslie M. Shaw, first of all, issued an extraordinary order to facilitate gold imports. Pending the arrival of foreign gold, he deposited Government funds with importing banks, against security other than Government bonds. On these deposits the banks did not have to pay any interest. Thus they were protected against loss of interest on the gold in transit. Never before in the financial history of the nation had such a relief expedient been adopted by a Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Shaw also increased deposits with national bank depositories throughout the country, forestalled the interest on Government bonds falling due May 1, 1907, and added \$18,000,000 to national bank-note circulation. None of these devices did much good, however. They were merely precarious makeshifts and, as such, of little practical importance.

Tremendous wheat, corn and cotton crops, together with continued inflation of real estate values and the prices of wages and commodities, created an unusually active pressure for money also at interior financial centers. In Chicago and St. Louis the banks found ample, profitable employment for their loanable funds. This urgent interior demand necessitated heavy shipments of currency from New York to inland cities. Owing to the unceasing disturbance in the money market, various currency reform schemes have again been brought forward, those of the New York Chamber of Commerce and of the American Bankers' Association attracting the most attention. Owing to the shortness of the present session of Congress, there's no probability of currency legislation this winter.

Noteworthy incidents of Wall street speculation, besides the few above mentioned, were the placing of \$50,000,000 Pennsylvania short-time notes in the Paris market, where, previously; banks and investors were unfavorably disposed towards American securities, and the liquidation by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company of nearly all its holdings of Baltimore & Ohio and Norfolk & Western common and of its entire holdings

of Chesapeake & Ohio shares to the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. in New York. Conjectures as to the ultimate lodgement of these stocks is rife. They have given rise to rumors that E. H. Harriman and his Union Pacific friends will eventually gain control of the Baltimore & Ohio. Interesting to the financial community, and of notable effect on values, was the scandalous manipulation which attended the placing of United Pacific common on a 10 per cent basis. In this, the Harriman clique overtopped all except one of its previous stock-jobbing achievements. It eclipsed anything that Gould and Fisk ever did in their most glamorous days. The ousting of Stuyvesant Fish from the presidency of the Illinois Central was another doubtful achievement of the vindictive Harriman.

In the Northwest, James J. Hill made a highly lucrative deal in behalf of his Great Northern Railroad with the United States Steel Corporation. He leased the Mesaba Range of iron ore lands to the steel trust for fifty years. These lands were acquired about twelve years ago for a song. They were thought to be of little worth by the original owners. A few years ago, it was discovered that they contain enormous bodies of iron ore of the total value of, approximately, \$500,000,000. The United States Steel Corporation in its persistent endeavors to monopolize the steel industry in this country concluded to take a lease on these lands, the contract providing for a gradually rising schedule of prices to be paid every year to the Great Northern Railroad Co. for each ton of ore mined. It is commonly agreed that the steel trust has acquired the last of the most extensive iron ore lands in the United States.

This lease should lend added emphasis to President Roosevelt's repeatedly voiced determination to withdraw the remaining public coal lands from sale or entry. It would be a good idea to order withdrawal also of oil and other mineral lands. These valuable products of the soil should not be handed over for a mere bagatelle to private speculators, and monopolies. The Mesaba range of iron ore and the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania once belonged to the nation. They should have remained public property.

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"Teddy is at it again," were the words frequently heard in Wall street in recent times, or whenever press dispatches announced fresh legal attacks by the national administration on industrial or railroad combines. The average trader affected cynicism as to the final outcome of the President's anti-trust agitation, but financial leaders of prominence plainly scented danger to themselves and their gigantic schemes in Roosevelt's hostile attitude and ringing fulminations against violations of statutes and unlawful combines. If the President's anti-trust propaganda failed to precipitate a serious crash in security values, it was merely because Wall street felt itself protected by the Senate and the courts.

When, a few years ago, Roosevelt ordered proceedings brought against the Northern Securities Co., a railway combine comprising the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and Burlington systems stock market cliques expressed skepticism as to his intentions and final results. To-day, the Northwestern Railway monopoly is out of existence. Owing to recently current reports that the original unlawful intentions of the promoters of the Northern Securities Co. are being effected in a roundabout, secret manner, the national administration has ordered another investigation into the relations of the three railroad systems referred to.

The President was prime mover in the examination of unlawful rebate charges brought against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry. Co. The result, however, in this instance, was somewhat disappointing. Roosevelt failed to "make good." He was too anxious to shield his friend and then Secretary of the Navy, Paul Morton, from prosecution, although Morton was seriously implicated.

The President must be credited with having given fresh impetus to the multiplying assaults on the Standard Oil Co. in the Federal and State courts. In attacking this trust of trusts, the prosecutors may be said to have bearded the lion in his den. The Standard Oil Co. is the most powerful and most successful monopoly in the United States, or, for that matter, in the world. Its ramifications are worldwide. It is a large owner of railroad and industrial securities. It has puissant influence in courts and legislatures. It employs the highest legal talent. That the Rockefeller syndicate is badly scared, cannot be questioned. The price of Standard Oil stock has dropped about one hundred and fifty points since last January. Wall street does not relish this incessant legal badgering of the powerful trust. It is afraid of the consequences. It apprehends calamity in the stock market in the event of really palpable hits in the courts of the land.

There have, in recent times, been investigations likewise into the relations of anthracite coal carriers and of the Pennsylvania with its subsidiary lines. These were, no doubt, the prime impelling cause of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co.'s anxiety to dispose of its investments in the shares of the three railroad systems above mentioned. Announcement has been made that the Harriman group of railroads will also be made the subject of searching investigation.

The meat trust case is still fresh in the popular mind. In this, the President scored a notable triumph. Upton Sinclair's startling realistic story, "The Jungle," was attentively perused at the White House. The author was summoned to Washington for a talk with the President. Upon vigorous trenchant presentation of the facts to Congress, a fairly stringent meat inspection law was put upon the national statute books. It would seem, however, that further legislation is needful.

Our dynamic President has, so far, not been tak-

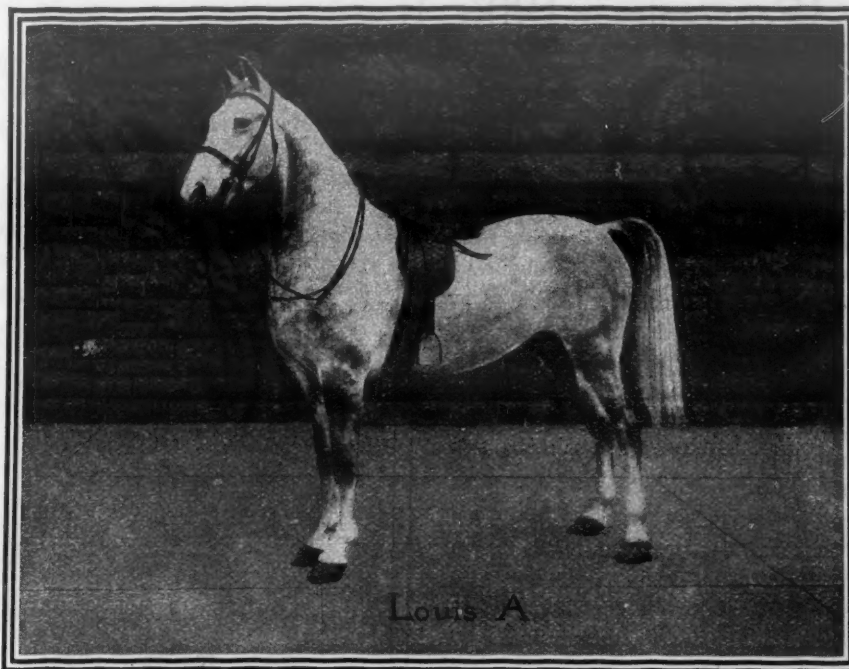
en very seriously by speculative magnates. His multifarious activities and outbursts have been looked upon generally as a sort of safety valve for his surplus energy. But there are now signs that Wall street is at last getting suspicious, not to say alarmed, over Roosevelt's real purposes. The feverish energy which he displayed in pushing his freight rate regulation bill was intensely disliked, although a few affectedly ingenuous members of the *haute finance* took occasion to interview themselves and to declare that the President's purposes were entirely satisfactory. Theodore Roosevelt is *persona non grata* in the world of syndicates and stock jobbers. This is a fact, incontestably established by daily oral and written utterances in the purlieus of Wall street. He is declared by some authorities to be more radical than either Bryan or Hearst. They consider him a neuropathic busy-body, a man of immature and dangerous opinions.

The legal warfare against monopolies and violators of the anti-trust, interstate commerce, and Elkins' laws has vindicated Alton B. Parker's assertion, in 1904, that there is ample authority and means in existing statutes to curb and punish trusts. For most of the extortions and tyranny of monopolies un-

der which the people suffer it is not the law-maker, but the law-enforcer that must be blamed. The nation needs proper enforcement of existing laws, rather than more laws in its epoch-making campaign against the monopolization of land and industries, against the grabbing and abuses of privileges, against the portentous concentration of wealth in private hands.

The rigorous prosecution of fraudulent acquisition of public lands is in line with the law-enforcing policy of the present national administration. Only the other day, a Federal grand jury in Utah presented indictments against officials of railroad and industrial corporations who are accused of land frauds, besides indicting E. H. Harriman himself and officials of the Union Pacific and Gould lines in connection with violations of the interstate commerce law. The retiring Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Hitchcock, well deserves the earnest thanks of the nation for his stern application of the laws in protecting the remainder of public domain.

The world's production of gold approaches the \$400,000,000 notch. The South African mines have passed the \$100,000,000 mark and are expected soon to contribute \$150,000,000 annually to the world's stock of yellow metal. These are spacious, aston-



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ishing figures, highly significant and indicative of profound economic changes. The theory that the enormously increasing output of gold must be regarded as the chief cause of the sharp advance in the cost of living in the last five years has more than a merely academical interest. The world's economic history fully establishes the fact that enlarging production of gold is invariably followed by rising values of the necessities of life, of rents, of lands, and also of wages in many lines of industry. This is accompanied at first by a comparatively low valuation for high-class investment securities. It would seem that the deluge of gold is also responsible for the marked advance in the price of silver in the last two years. The white metal is not being hoisted by speculative cliques. It is going up on account of enlarging demand for coinage and commercial usage. A continuance of the advance in the cost of living should, necessarily, be followed by an increasing flow of population from over-crowded sections to the more sparsely settled states of the West and South, and foreign colonies. A similar sociologic phenomenon was observed during the few years immediately following the discovery of gold on the Pacific coast more than fifty years ago. There's one important fact to consider, however, in a discussion of this highly interesting topic, and that is the intensification of the speculative craze in all the civilized countries. The mania for gambling in shares and many commodities is constantly spreading, though far more developed in the United States than any country in Europe. Now, this violent game of speculation cannot but absorb an undue amount of the world's available capital, and that it is doing so can at present be plainly observed in the clamor for money on both sides of the Atlantic. In other words, the demand for capi-

tal is in excess of the supplies furnished by the mines. From this the natural inference to be drawn is that the upward swing in values of all kinds must be nearing the end, if it has not already reached it. The civilized world is living beyond its means, and we all should remember what that means,—an ultimate widespread *debacle*.

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### Blue Jay's Chatter

**H** EAVINGS, Jen, Society Socialism is doing us up socially! Fact. It's all along o' that dog-gone Wimming's Club. There's nothing so socialistic as a club. Each one gets the benefit of the efforts of all, you know. When my lady Fineclothes wants to give a recep. now what does she do? Not rumple up her own house by bringing in caterers and decorators—not at all. She just gives her orders at the club and sends out her cards and the people gather there and they have their time. No woman alone could do for herself what all her sisters' co-operation can do for her as members of the club. It's pure Socialism—that's what it is. The home reception is dying out. Even calls are in a way to die out. When the women want to see each other they go to the club. The institution is breaking up the custom of private functions, slowly but surely. And the wimming like this Society Socialism—though they don't know it's that. They don't see that they're just like a Labor Union. They don't realize that they are setting up an object lesson in co-operative life. They think they're just the swellest kind of swells, and they're doing the thing a lot of proletarians want to do all around in everything. Another things—this club business is making women more homelike at home. They just go to the club and get surfeited with clubbishness, chatter, advanced thought and all that. Then



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when they get home they cut it out. So clubbishness among the dears is not breaking up the home. It's an escape from home when they're tired and the home is a refuge from the club when they're tired of that. Really this institution is working a mild social revolution in this burg. Wouldn't surprise me if the club became a sort of high societee phalanstery before long with additions or branches of the club where each member could have the family washing done, or the



cooking—all in common. As an experiment in social solidarity the club is a success and more of our social philosophers should study it. There are a few aristocratic women, like Mrs. Morrison, for instance, who recognize this equalizing tendency of the club and hold off from it, but they are only a few. They struggle in vain, Jane. They are up against the *Zeitgeist* and its all up with them.

Ain't we the splendid moral and superfine stick-to-the-law folks down here in St. Louis? Wait till I tell you. You may say all you like about divorce in Paris and the Anna Gould international episode, and you may also mention Chicago and South Dakota under your breath, if you've any sense of decency left, but this town is where we do the right and proper thing—you can't pick a divorce off'n the tree or shake it down like a ripe persimmon in late October, not muchy much.

Remember that stunning creature, Ida Fitzhugh Shepard? Nobody ever knew Ida was married until this week. There have been some other matrimonial surprises, also yet—Beach Lane among them—but of that a little later. You see, Ida is a splendid young person with a massive dignity and wears awfully good clothes and has a voice—I think it is a voice—mebbe she paints in oils—or possibly it's scales for little girls, but anyhow, Ida is so self-sustaining, so sweetly sylphantly reliant upon Ida, that a husband would be simply superfluous, and that's no dream. Ida is the whole goods, and I'm for her, strong. Well, it seems that there is, was, or has been, or still may be a husband secreted in the dim recesses of "merrie old England," and Ida wanted to get shet of him for good an' all; but, Jane, just because he sends her a measly fiver now and again the judge—horrid nasty old thing—now, I don't care a cent if I am calling him names—refused to give it to her—and my dear, it's the easiest thing in the world for a judge to give a divorce. They have 'em all boxed up and ready for immediate use like an oyster loaf, at this season of the year. The holidays is always a season of more or less matrimonial discontent, you know. The woman who expects a pair of diamond garter buckles usually has to put up with a reclining chair for the library that hubby uses by his ownly lonely, or else he picks out a whiskey cupboard with decanter attachments and six small glass, cut—down to five forty-eight—and thinks he's doing the noble act. And the poor, worried critter can't well look elsewhere for the diamond garter buckles. Ain't some men mean? But, land sakes, neither you nor me has to put up with 'em—it's them as has, gits, ain't it, Jane?

Speaking of nothing in particular, I must tell you of something screamingly funny that happened yesterday in a street car. Wish I knew the parties of the first and second parts, for then you might find it more exciting than ever—but here 'tis: A tall, handsome woman weighing about two hundred and a half pounds, middle aged, with more gorgeous clothes on than I ever saw before—all at once—sea!skin coat, turban with those rooster feathers sticking out at a fearful angle and injuring the eyesight of everybody within ten seats, diamond sunburst visible under her collar—all sorts of expensive rags all right, pressed the button and strode up to the front end—we were at Grand avenue—then when the car had finally stopped she turned round, Jane, and called out in a voice that fitted the clothes and the noble lines of her figger, "Oh, mamma, where are you?"

And up trotted a meek little woman about nine inches high, with a pale and frightened face who helped her delicate daughter off the car, and said, "Yes, darling; here I am; did you think I had lost you?"

Four strong men choked with—something or other—and two sassy Mary Institute girls just vulgarly ha-haed, Jane, 'deed they did. Bertha Evans and I luffed. Bertha always sees a point. Darned pret-

ty girl, too, is Bertha; and say—but that South Side bachelor, slightly bald, but there with the coin; is rushing things strong!

Yes, dearest' it's all right about those highly seasoned French farces that your mother doesn't know you go to see, in order to improve your accent, but you're away back in the shade of the sheltering palm—we've had "Peer Gynt" tarrying with us a spell, and—you see, I still have strength enough left to commune with you as usual. Whew! Jane, of all the pock-marked potpourris—combining the twining sinuosity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with the "Silver

King's" delicate refinement of elegance—it sure did that, and then some. Never have I suffered so poignantly for a whole evening, dearest, without a ray of hope, except to envy Frank Hirschberg, who got there late; wearing that fur-collared Lou Dockstader overcoat of his. How I admire Gussie Busch! What noble fortitude, what self-denial,—what husbandly devotion—he sat in a box the whole evening, Jane, and never stirred from the side of his lovely pink taffeta wife—I mean she had on that self-same silk. He saw "Peer" to the bitter end—and he deserves to be rewarded on this earth, and soon, my dear! Why, Jane, half the time nobody—even the

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average intelligenced,—knew what was doing at all, at all. Dicky Mansfield impersonating the undisciplined and eccentric *Peer*, just turned loose and tore up the earth with his awful language, behaved scandalous to his poor old mother, and, after his sweet-heart, a nice young girl with modest manners and a clean apron, had run away from her folks and chased him up the mountain side and told him in a style that anybody couldn't help understanding that she had done give up all for his sake, he just had a few twinges of REMORSE, as Frank Moulin used to sing, and left the poor girl alone in a log cabin full of nothing and with no steam heating plant that was visible to the audience. She stayed there thirty years. Now, wouldn't that crimp your back hair? Then we got one of those sweetly solemn tableaux, the real "Little Eva" style, with a screen and a spinning wheel—*Little Eva* singing some Grieg glooms that are calculated to throw chills into a smelting works, which piece of sprightliness was followed by *Peer* giving a small and very special exhibition of "Excelsior" on board his costly yacht—*Peer* having become exorbitantly and disgustingly rich, the last thirty years.

It all ended lovely, Jane. *Peer* and the thirty-plus-twenty-year maiden met again on the mountain top, now a populous village—and *Peer* goes to heaven—eventually—redeemed by the devotion of the lady. It's a caution, that's what it is, to all imbibers of the cup that cheers—I never heard such a pipe dream in my life. And blest if I can make head nor tail of the thing, yet. The woman who said it was over the heads of most ordinary people can have my money—she's got the idea, all right.

And David Warfield's "Music Master" is at the Garrick this week. Worse and more of it. *Eau sucree*, sweetened with *illae lachrymae*. All the women in town are piling down there and coming out with deep lines down their complexions—where the weeps cut furrows in the paint and powder—and with red noses. And after every performance the scrub women have to swab up the floor. Oh, we're just wallowing in the pathetic down there this week. Also in music, for Dave makes up like Bay-to-venn—pronounce it that way to show you're dead next. It's a jag of suffering we're having. Oh, well, we used to get the mental and emotional jag by reading "A Christmas Carol," but now we drop Dickens and turn to David Warfield. Still, it is a beautiful little play, exquisitely played, and it doesn't hurt us to slosh around in tears once in a while over imaginary misfortunes and sorrows. But never—God bless you, no!—never must we get near the real thing in suffering. That's generally vulgar, sometimes dirty, always unpleasant. We're all there with the sympathy for imaginary sufferers—but. Well, how we sympathize with *Camille*, but we wouldn't sit next her in a street car. Jane, I've a line that's a vast improvement upon a line writ a long time ago by a nasty little poet, one Alexander Pope. 'Tis this: *Every woman is at heart a fake.*

Mrs. Spencer, living in Westminster place, gave a reception. Mrs. William Bonsack attended. She went upstairs and hung her pelerine, valued at \$250, on a bed post. There was a big crowd of lovely people. All of a sudden the lights went out. When the lights flared up again Mrs. Bonsack went for her pelerine. It was gone. The servants had been out of the room, and couldn't have taken the fur. Some one thinks a supper sneak got in and took it. But it looks more like as if some one of the guests just took the piece and walked off with it. By mistake? Not on your straight front. That pelerine is safely stowed in the cedar closet of some honored and stylish guest at the reception. At least, that's what the wise believe. Stealing! Oh, no. "Convey, the wise it call." Our society people have gotten so used to nipping things like napkins, spoons, towels and such things from hotels and cafes, that they can't resist their kleptomania in private houses. Pretty soon

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we will be able to recognize on the street people we've met at our swellest functions by their wearing our furs and such. And our hostesses will have to set aside a sum each year to make good the losses of this kind in their houses. And then, I suppose, smart people on the fringe will begin to graft by claiming reimbursement for garments they haven't lost at all. Oh, I tell you St. Louis society is getting to be the most exciting what they is.

I spoke of Beach Lane's surprising marriage—it seems, Jane, that he has been a Benedict for a year and a half and is now the father of a bouncing boy—why is it, dearest, that boys of a tender age are always spoken of as "bouncing"? Is it because they get bounced more than girls? Anyhow, the Lanes here, Mrs. Francis A., his mother, and the Nat Lanes, his brother and sister-in-law, also Belle, that sprightly little brunette who is so clever, didn't like the idea at all—and so Beach kept still about it, until the B. B. came along. His wife's name was Curry and she is an English Canadian, very nice and entirely satisfactory, though perhaps with not so many family trees as the Lanes. Beach is a quiet and altogether likable fellow, with lots of friends in town, who are glad he married to his liking. Guess the Lanes here will weather the storm and be entertaining the bride before long—also the grandson. You know grandmothers never can withstand a baby—and a real nice baby.

Much excitement in Westmoreland place over Frances Allen's getting herself to a nunnery. Some Episcopal sisterhood. Frances has been much occupied with missions and the like for years—a very energetic and sensible girl, who used to enjoy a ball with the friskiest of debutantes. Frances has only been out in society about three seasons. Can't understand why anybody who is privileged to live in that stately mansion of gray stone with the best front in the West End, bar none, would ever want to leave it. The Allen house to my notion, is par excellence the handsomest in St. Louis.

There is a lot doing—society is humping itself—the drug clerk's society are giving a swear-off to-morrow and the Ancient Order of Lady Boiler-Makers will hold an informal reception New Year's night at the clubhouse on Monroe street. Tom Kinney is to give a pink tea next Thursday and Lawler Dailey a kaffee klatch on Saturday.

The first Imperial ball comes to-morrow night—awful excitement, for the buds understand only four are invited—the rest are dying of envy.

Gertrude O'Hara is out. She is a sister of Mrs. Everett Brooks, who was the pretty Beulah O'Hara. Gerty—only she don't like to have us call her Gert, has lots of style—got some of it in your Par's town, and the rest was hers by inheritance, I guess. Louise Thayer's ball was a beauty—Louise is great chums with that dainty little Mrs. Byron Babbitt. Sadie and Tom Maffitt were among the Christmas day entertainers and so were the Oliver Garrisons. The Yale bunch held forth last night, concerning which I will report later.

Violet Kauffman's dinner dance at the Country Club on Christmas eve was the best ever—just small and swell enough. So long, Janey, till next week.

BLUE JAY.

### Napoleon's Mistress.

By Ernest McGaffey.

MEN said it was a lawless love,  
And so it was, I ween;  
Yet passion has its ebb and flow  
Ere age doth intervene;  
And he was Consul General,  
And she was seventeen.

The moon poured down her trysting light,

The gray stars lent their sheen,  
And tall trees stood like sentinels  
Their broad leaves for a screen,  
When he was Consul General  
And she was seventeen.

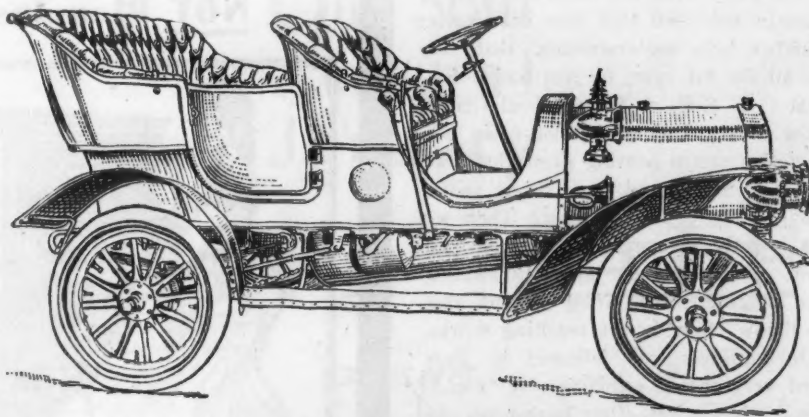
What vows were whispered by those two,  
What kisses rained between?  
What could the listening silence tell  
Of rash embraces keen?  
But he was Consul General,  
And she was seventeen.

What might the dews have hearkened there  
That gemmed the grasses green?  
Or wandering shades that tip-toe went  
And gloated on the scene?  
When he was Consul General  
And she was seventeen.

How recked he then of fickle fame  
Or dreams of King and Queen?  
Her soft arms were his world and all  
Her love his sole demesne;  
And he was Consul General  
And she was seventeen.

Not lost ambition's hurtling fall  
Nor Fate's most bitten spleen,  
Might blot those nights, like music wrought,  
Which sang to them serene,  
When he was Consul General  
And she was seventeen.

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## Dramatic.

*The Straight Road.*

Clyde Fitch has at last written a serious, throbbing drama of life. The discovery may be shocking, but it's agreeably so. Mr. Fitch has been so long dealing with marionettes and dramatic superficialities that one's disappointment amounts to a keen and added pleasure in finding "The Straight Road," a play big with the passions and impulses of real people of a real world, strongly built, and of vital and ever increasing interest in its revelation of a pretty, pathetic and sometimes funny story of human faith and love and fealty. The premiere of the piece which was given at the Century, Sunday night, proved that Mr. Fitch, already a qualified dramatist, had finally come into his own in the matter of choosing the materials for the greater achievement. There really isn't anything with which to find serious fault. The languid atmosphere of the drawing-room and parlor, so pronounced in the previous Fitch plays, is thoroughly dissipated here: Action rules, and the dramatic strength of the piece increases unto the end. And now that a Western public has generously approved "The Straight Road," its reception in the East, where its locale and characters are more familiarly known and studied, promises to be in the nature of a sure enough triumph, not only for the dramatist, but for the truly artistic leading lady, Miss Walsh, whose contribution to its success is as great, if not greater, than Mr. Fitch's.

The materials of the play are not new but they are deftly and artistically handled, both by playwright and cast. It's a story dug from the commonplace, out of which so many great plays and stories have come, and it's strong in the quality known as "heart interest." It's a story of which we all have heard or seen enacted some time, some place—the regeneration of a woman through appeal to her maternal instinct. The theme is prettily clothed in "The Straight Road." *Houston Street Moll* is the picturesque "brand from the burning." *Miss Thompson*, a Social Settlement Worker, wealthy and self-sacrificing, interests herself in the nymph of the gutter, and her appeal sinks so deep that it meets a prompt and determined response. *Moll* sees the new light, feels the uplift, and is a good and grateful pupil. But one day her benefactress finds her in the arms of her affianced husband, *Douglas Aines*. *Moll* is guiltless, but her appeal has no force where such love as *Miss Thompson's* is concerned. But *Moll* is really trying to save her from this man, and her resolve to do so even at the risk of her own happiness, even life, is subsequently carried out. *Aines* follows her to her room in New York, where *Moll* has planned to trap him, but instead, she is trapped herself by her own fiancé's unexpected appearance. It's a bad mess she's got into. *Miss Thompson* has arrived too late, and no one gives credence to her story of self-sacrifice. Even her lover would have killed her. But *Moll* has faith in the religion that has helped to sustain her in dark-

ness, and her petition to Mary, the mother of God, is answered. Those who have left her in disgrace return to hear her story. And they find it true, and *Moll's* redemption is complete. She is reconciled to *Bill Hubbell*, the bowery barkeep, and the story ends very pleasantly.

Miss Walsh's personality and art so thoroughly dominate the piece that one finds himself wondering whether or not the really greater honors of "The Straight Road" are not hers. Her *Houston Street Moll*, the gutter nymph, is a superb delineation, full of feeling and passion, and of delicacy even in its coarser aspects. It's a creation to which no mere playwright could impart the elegancies with which Miss Walsh endows it. It requires a woman and an artist to understand its possibilities. Miss Walsh has done nothing better, at least, not of late years. And she thoroughly deserved the tribute of the public, which she and Mr. Fitch shared Sunday night, when both made little speeches of gratitude.

The company supporting Miss Walsh is in keeping with the high standard of her work and of the piece.

Dorothy Dorr, as the wealthy, self-sacrificing Social Settlement Worker, whose frank appeal to *Moll's* better self meets with such prompt and determined response, is delightfully and wholesomely natural, and ever adequate to the artistic demands of the situation. Miss Closser hasn't much to offer in action, but she certainly spits out the spicy lines that have fallen to her like an actress. And she is a type from the real life, too, confidante and aide of *Miss Thompson*, the Social Settlement leader, and somewhat of a board of strategy and counsel in the latter's affair of the heart.

Helen Lowell's *Mrs. Finnerty* is, perhaps, the most incisive thing in character study, next to Miss Walsh's. Miss Lowell's *Mrs. Finnerty* is an apparently unconsciously funny impersonation.

Of the men in the cast, there are only three to whom honors fall—Charles Dalton, who has stepped down from the throne of kings and dukes, where he was wont to shine, to give a characteristically faithful portrayal of a Cockney Bowery bartender, *Moll's* first and only lover; Howard Estabrook, who has anything but a pleasant task in the role of hypocritical libertine, and Wm. Wadsworth, the servant who discourses in such telling brevity of language on the good and bad in matrimony from actual experience.

Next week: Geo. Ade's "The College Widow."

## "The Music Master."

Christmas eve! And David Warfield, in "The Music Master!" Why, there's nothing like it, now. In the old days, on Christmas eve, we read Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and swooned our simple souls in sad smiles and happy tears.

And that's how it was at the Garrick Monday night. We were back in that end of the mid-Victorian time, before the world was sophisticated, when a simple story, simply told was all sufficient to touch our hearts.

That was the happier age of gold.

David Warfield makes it come again.

What more can one say than to ac-

knowledge this man's complete mastery of our hearts? By what magic he does it, none may tell. He sways us with the lifting of an eyebrow, the droop of a lip. It is all so effortless. You forget that it is art, that it is perfect art, that the play is merest artifice—a layer of quiet humor, then a layer of pathos—like fine bacon. The play is *not* the thing here. The man's the thing. David Warfield is *von Barwig*. His bravely repressed suffering is not only his, but our own. His work in this drama is the supreme achievement of the American stage, in comedy. There is in it nothing of excess; not a touch too heavy, not a line overshadowed, not a tone out of proper key. It is all in the strain of a noble humility of spirit. It strikes home now with keen thrusts of feeling, now with the faintest suggestions of mood. It is the true pathos and sublime—in its exquisite naturalness. One might analyze until the crack o' doom upon this art of Warfield's and one would come at last to the simple conclusion that more than the art is the goodness of the man who exercises it.

The play—it is meretricious. It is perfect clock-work, inimitable mechanism. It is as calculated as music, or mathematics. We may dismiss the play.

But one cannot dismiss Warfield, or *von Barwig*. We take him to our hearts and there he will remain—as Jefferson remains, or *Rip*.

And with him remain the members of a cast almost perfect. There never has been seen a performance in which ease and naturalness are so unanimously achieved, and that, too, in the enactment of "business" as old as the hills.

David Warfield, as "The Music Master!" Yes, the music of his mastery is still and ever singing in our hearts. We will not study the secret of his spell; that were vain; we simply surrender to it in sad smiles and happy tears.

Miss Rhea Lusby returned to her old role of *Augusta*, the village tomboy in "Sky Farm" just in time to give the revival of the piece at the Imperial this week a proper start. Miss Lusby's personality and art radiate briskly through the play, and add much to the

suggestion of freshness which hovers about the production. Eva Benton is also delightfully effective in her role of postmistress, and David Davies, David N. Wall and others in the cast are quite worthy of this famous play. "Sky Farm" is proving one of the best of offerings of the holiday period at the Imperial. It has several handsome stage settings.

Next week: Lottie Williams in "My Tomboy Girl."

Kellar at the Grand this week is running Santa Claus a close race. In fact, the clever "wiz" who pulls valuables and all sorts of things out of impossible and unsuspected storehouses, has a little bit the edge on Santa in some respects. All his tricks are illusive and mystifying, and the veteran theater goer is as deeply entertained as the juveniles who find the magic show a great holiday attraction. Kellar uses everything in the magic line, from a "devil's prayer-book" to Saratoga trunks and cabinets, and the disappearing lady trick is executed with the same old skill and deception. Mr. Kellar has an able assistant in Paul Valadon, one of whose novel features is a fortune telling ball.

Next week: George Sidney in "Busy Izzy's Vacation."

Andy Lewis, a clever burlesquer, is emitting a volume of race track patter at the Standard this week in a manner that is most amusing. Andy has the lingo from the logbook, and his sketch, "Won at the Wire" is one of the best things done out this way on the burlesque stage this season. Others in featured specialties are the Mason sisters, acrobatic dancers; Granville and Mack, in a travesty; Winifred Stewart, a contralto singer, and McFarland and Murphy in parodies and jokes. A musical farce with several good songs and an ambitious chorus also score well.

Next week: "Miss New York, Jr."

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at the Gayety this week. Foremost in popularity is Virginia Tyson, a clever comedienne. Others in the company who are doing entertaining specialties are Buch Brothers, acrobats; Maryland Tyson and her eight "Shetlands;" the Busch-Devere trio, and Allen and Hoey in travesty.

Next week: "The Lid Lifters."

The German Stock Company will present, next Sunday night, one of the most unctuous of L'Arronge's comedies, brilliant in action and dialogue, "Die Spitzkoenigen," a play second only to "Mein Leopold," (The Queen of Laces). It is a piece, calculated to make everybody feel good at the close of the year. All the principals will be in the cast with Vilma von Hohenau in one of her best parts. She is an actress of rare talent and always pleasing to the eye, through her correct and often wonderful toilets.

The Rogers Brothers are "the big noise," at the Olympic this week. Individually they are not entertaining. They are welcome guests. Their German dialect has ceased to be as amusing as it once was. The Rogerses have wisely surrounded themselves, however, with some clever specialists and these members of the company manage to give the piece sparkle and some entertaining features. Bessie De Voie dances as fantastically as ever, Marion Stanley makes a hit with her song, "The Tourists," and Winfred Young, a newcomer, also adds much to the attractive features of the show. Josie Intropedi, Harry Cowan, Edward O'Connor and Charles McCarthy also supply some of the "necessities."

Next week: Wm. H. Crane and Miss Ellis Jeffreys and superb cast will present Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer."

\*\*\*  
**Music.**

*The Thomas Concerts.*

At least one of Richard Strauss' stupendous tone poems is included in the program to be presented by the Thomas Orchestra at the Odeon, January 14 and 15. "Todt und Verklarung" is scheduled for the first concert and this work may be accepted as typical of the Strauss of to-day. The F minor Symphony given by the Choral Symphony earlier in the season was written in the composer's youth, while Strauss still belonged to the classic-romantic school and gave not more than a hint of the later Strauss. He was then comparatively conservative in his compositions, but his musical development brought about a change of ideas that led him toward the ultra-radical style that marks all his later works.

Strauss has written the last word in "program music" in "Don Juan," "A Hero's Life," "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and other of his later works, as well as "Death and Apotheosis," which is to be given here. The purpose is the delineation of character and the telling of a story by means of music. This attempt at musical realism enlists every imaginable device of composition and in his zeal for the descriptive Herr Strauss regards not rule nor rhythm. His work may not prove to be enjoyable to all his hearers, but it cannot fail to be interesting.

Other works new to St. Louis audiences are an overture by George Schumann, another composer of Straussian tendencies, an "Italian Serenade," by Wolf; an overture by Dvorak; a concert Etude for strings by Sinigaglia; and the very first work of Richard Strauss which made its way into the world, a "Serenade" for fifteen wind instruments.

Tschaikowsky's great and universally admired "Pathetic" symphony is pro-

grammed, and concertos for 'cello and also for violin will be given.

\*\*\*  
*Madame Butterfly.*

Puccini's new opera, sung in English, and given a special production, is due at the Olympic Theatre January 13. "Madame Butterfly" has been something of a sensation in London, and in New York praise for the work and Mr. Savage's production has been unqualified. Three prima donnas are required to make nightly performances possible, and tenors and baritones need relief owing to the taxing character of the music.

A new work from the pen of the composer of "La Boheme" and "La Tosca" is in itself an event of importance in the musical world, and given a notable presentation, vocally, orchestrally and scenically, the occasion should prove memorable.

\*\*\*  
**Ultimate Georgeism.**

BY THOMAS HUNT.

"D. W.," of Franklin, Minn., asks in a recent issue of the MIRROR, for an explanation of "the course the Single Taxers would pursue in converting a system of private ownership in land to a system of public ownership;" and he asks: "Would specified parcels of land be allotted to individuals, the right to occupy this parcel of land to terminate at death?"

The answer to the last question is: No! The state would handle the land, just as it does now. The manner in which it would take place would be by a gradual or, possibly, a quick lessening of the tax on improvements and the products of labor, and a gradual, or quick, increase of the tax on land, until all taxation would be taken from improvements and that on land would be increased until nearly the entire economic or ground rent would be taken.

Let "D. W." think out what will occur when this shall take place. If a man would not pay his taxes his property would be sold, just as occurs now, and someone would buy it, just as now. The state would not be concerned about "parceling out" land to individuals.

Take the case of "D. W." He owns a house and lot. No one is going to say to him, "Get out of this. There is going to be a new distribution of the land of the State." No! But the assessors would be instructed to make an appraisal of the land separate from the improvements, and estimate, as nearly as possible, what would be the annual ground rent for the land alone. Or, suppose there was a vacant lot of the same size and value adjoining his. What would anyone pay yearly for it if the owner would not sell it, but would only lease it? The amount anyone would pay yearly for that bare land is what the tax would be on it, and also what "D. W." would pay on his. Suppose it to be \$30 per year. That is what "D. W." would pay on his lot with the house on it, while the vacant lot owner would pay the same on bare land.

"D. W." can see at once that the owner of that lot could not hold it vacant, because he would have to pay out \$30 per year, and nothing coming in. Of course he would not pay the tax, and it would be sold just as now, and someone who wanted to put it to some use, say for a home, would bid it in subject to \$30 per year tax, and all the buyer would have to pay for it would be \$30, the first year's tax, plus the fee for a deed—perhaps a dollar.

We may make another supposition instead of the above in regard to the vacant lot. Suppose the owner of it has a few thousand dollars that he wants to get interest on. Instead of allow-

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ing the lot to be sold for taxes, he will proceed to build a house costing, say, \$3,500; which he will allow some man to use for, say, \$360 per year. His tax on the lot will be no more because of the house on it, and he would get interest on the house clear of tax.

This is the only way I know of that anyone could hold land he was not using himself, if the Single Tax were in force. And there would be no "landlordism" in this, for all that the landlord could collect of the tenant for the use of the land he would have to pay into the public treasury, while all that he could collect for the use of the house would be his without diminution by taxation.

Kennedy, O., Dec. 21st.

\*\*\*  
**A Run of Bad Luck.**

Driven to desperation by their heavy losses, gamblers have often sought by some coup either to repair their shattered fortunes or to bring down utter ruin upon themselves. One of the most curious instances of this kind comes from England of the eighteenth century. A notorious gambler had been losing steadily in a game for high stakes with Lord Lorne. Exasperated by his continued ill fortune, he suddenly sprang up from the card table, seized a large punch bowl, and, balancing it above his head, called out to his opponent:

"For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for fifteen thousand guineas!"

"Odd!" replied the peer placidly, and the gambler hurled the magnificent bowl against the wall.

When they counted the pieces Lord Lorne had won.—*Tuesday Magazine.*

\*\*\*  
Wigg—The last I saw of you Young-pop was talking you to death about his baby. How did you get rid of him?

Wagg—Oh, some fellow came along who had just bought an automobile, so I introduced them and made my escape.—*Philadelphia Record.*

\*\*\*  
While passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



## Books.

Rupert Hughes is the author of a little book, "Col. Crockett's Co-Operative Christmas," which is chock full of the proper holiday spirit. It's a tale for big folks and it is most amusingly told in two characteristic letters from Col. Crockett to his wife. Originality of expression as well as native American wit are freely stamped upon the work. The book is from the press of Geo. W. Jacobs & Company, of Philadelphia.

## "Bit and Spur," for Christmas.

The Christmas number of *Bit and Spur*, the Chicago magazine that is devoted to the interests of horse and horsemen, is one of the handsome publications of the holiday season and it is replete with news and gossip of the equine world—the show ring news and many other interesting articles on the horse. The number has a handsome and appropriate cover in colors, and contains many handsome halftone portraits of persons and horses prominent in the horse-show world.

Wallace Irwin, who has hit off many a good thing in rhyme in the past several years in the columns of the various well-known periodicals of the country, has prepared a treat for admirers of his work in the shape of a volume of "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers," which has just been issued from the press of Macmillan & Company, New York. There is a rich vein of humor and satire coursing through the work, which is the redeeming quality of the Irwin verse. Rereading the verses will be pleasant pastime for many people. The volume is handsomely printed and there are illustrations and one or two clever caricatures that add much to the varied interest it holds for the public. It is one of those volumes a person likes to have near at hand to while away a dull hour or two.

"Poems for Pale People," by Edwin C. Ranck, is as interesting as any volume of nonsense rhymes can be. Originally the jingles appeared from time to time in various newspapers and journals of Ohio and Kentucky. There is the kernel of wit in each and not a few of them provoke to laughter. The book has an appropriate introduction by the author. It is from the press of the Humanity Printing and Publishing Co., of St. Louis.

"The Auto Guest Book," by Ethel Watts, Mumford Grant and Richard Butler Glaenger, is one of the novelties of the holiday period from Paul Elder & Company's press of New York. The volume is handsomely decorated and printed and contains some pointed and sapient and epigrammatic observations upon the automobile, the pastime of motoring and motorists.

Tom Masson, already some pumpkins as humorist and author, has compiled two new volumes on "The Humor of Love," which contain a great many of the better things that have been done in prose and verse on this favorite topic. There is lots of fun in the work and the acquaintance of such writers as Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, George V. Hobart, Billy Baxter, N. P. Willis, Laurence Stern, George Eliot and Harriet Beecher Stowe, will be renewed with pleasure and profit by most readers. In the volume of verse there are ninety odd selections from masters of the past and the foremost contemporary poets. The work is from the press of Moffat, Yard and Company, New York.

## The "Rare Edition" Swindle.

December 18th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

We have read with interest the article entitled, "The Rare Edition Swindle," by "Bibliophile," which in general meets with our heartiest approval. The publishers have been the greatest sufferers on account of the dishonest agents, and a movement is now being promoted in St. Louis and elsewhere to put all undesirable agents out of the business.

We desire, however, to correct the last paragraph of the article, which discredits the whole subscription plan and which claims that all books so sold, can be purchased at less cost through the book stores.

As a matter of fact, no subscription book nor any edition that can compare in value, can be purchased at the book store. "Bibliophile," in making such a sweeping statement has either been misinformed or is lamentably ignorant of the true condition of affairs and seeks to place the whole personnel of the subscription book business on a level with the dishonest methods of a few undesirable agents.

Respectfully yours,

THE SUBSCRIPTION BOOK SELLERS' ASSOCIATION OF ST. LOUIS

H. S. Bennett, Pres.

["Bibliophile" said: "Some good and useful books, but not many, are sold through soliciting agents. No really fine and rare ones are sold."

It depends on what is called "fine and rare." The usual "fine and rare" book of the subscription agent is a joke to a real judge of books. Lucky are the purchasers when it isn't a fake as well.

Some good books are sold by subscription. No "rare" book is, in the collector's understanding of the term. The MIRROR stands by Bibliophile, who knows more about fine and rare books in a second than any subscription agent could learn in a lifetime.—Ed. MIRROR.]

♦ ♦ ♦

## Floricultural.

In last week's MIRROR "a Reader" asked the authorship of the following lines:

"A spirit haunts the year's last hours  
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers;  
To himself he talks;  
For at eventide, listening earnestly  
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh  
In the walks.

Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks  
Of the mouldering flowers;  
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower  
Over its grave in the earth so chilly;  
Heavily hang the hollyhocks,  
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

Under date of Dec. 13th "M. S. K." writes that the lines are Tennyson's. T. W. of St. Louis, M. H. L. of New York City and others roast the editor for not knowing his Tennyson, even down to his boyhood poems. Another letter on the same subject follows:

St. Louis, Dec. 13, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In your paper this date "A Reader" asks who is the author of lines quoted.

Who ever heard of a sunflower, hollyhock or tiger lily hanging over their grave in the chilly earth in the year's last hours, or dwelling among the yellowing bowers, when the fact is they are the mid-summer flowers. The year's last hours see no sunflower, hollyhock or tiger lily to hang their heads over their grave in the earth so chilly, and Judge Krum will tell you so.

Is it worth while to know an author who is capable of committing such an anachronism? But may I ask who is the author of the following lines which I heard at a dinner given to some Americans in Paris a number of years ago?

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Subject, January 8—"The Height of Italian Renaissance Sculpture;" first lecture—GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY.

Visitors to the city may obtain Guests' Ticket to lectures and to Museum Collections at 19th Street, or Park Art Building from Annual Members of the Museum.

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Whether they were impromptu or quoted I don't know. I never saw them in print and quote from memory:  
"There is a power to make each hour  
As sweet as Heaven designed it,  
Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
Though few there be who find it.

We seek too high for things close by  
And lose what nature found us  
For life has here naught half so dear  
As home and friends around us."  
Such beautiful lines would naturally affect a person so far from home.  
A PROOF READER.



## The Kidnapped Socialists.

Paola, Kan., Dec. 20, 1906.  
To the Editor of the Mirror:

In dissenting from an opinion of the United States Supreme Court in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case, Justice McKenna gave expression to views that have been carefully suppressed by the newspapers secretly or openly opposed to organized labor, or to Socialism, with which union labor has become identified in Colorado and Idaho. These men are accused of the murder of Ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg, of Idaho. The chief evidence against them is that of McFarland, a Pinkerton detective, who is said to have joined the Western Miners' Federation, even as thirty years ago he joined the Molly Maguires in Pennsylvania, gained the confidence of the men on strike and secured, as he says, confessions of guilt from some of them. Upon this testimony warrants for murder were issued in Idaho against Haywood, who denied and denies that he was in Idaho when the Ex-Governor was killed by a bomb set at the gate of his home, and that he had been there for ten years prior to that event. At the time the warrant was issued, Haywood was in Denver, Colorado. The agent of the State of Idaho arrived in Denver, Thursday, February 15th 1906, but it was agreed, so the appellant's brief alleges, between this agent and the officers of Colorado, that the arrest of the accused should not be made until some time in the night of Saturday, after business hours, after the courts had closed and judges and lawyers had departed to their homes; that the arrest should be kept a secret, and the body of the accused should be clandestinely hurried out of the State of Colorado with all possible speed, without the knowledge of his friends or his counsel. He was at the usual place of business, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. No attempt was made to arrest him until 11:30 o'clock p. m., when his home was surrounded and he was arrested and Chas. P. Moyer, arrested under the same circumstances at 8:45, and he and accused thrown into the county jail of the city and county of Denver. Between the hours of 5 and 6 o'clock on Sunday morning, February 18th, the officers of the State, and certain armed guards, being a part of the forces of the militia of the State of Colorado, provided a special train for the purpose of forcibly removing him from the State of Colorado; and, between those hours, he was forcibly placed on a train and removed with all possible speed to the State of Idaho. Prior to this removal, and at all times after his incarceration in the jail at Denver, he requested to be allowed to communicate with his friends and his counsel and family, but the privilege was absolutely denied him. The train, it is alleged, made no stop at any considerable station; but proceeded at great and unusual speed, and he was accompanied by, and surrounded with, armed guards, members of the State militia of Colorado under the orders and directions of the adjutant general of the State.

The majority opinions of the Supreme Court held, upon an appeal of the prisoners from a lower court, that "a circuit court of the United States, when asked upon habeas corpus to discharge a person held in actual custody by a State for trial in one of its courts under an indictment charging a crime against its laws, cannot properly take

into account the methods whereby a State obtained such custody."

From this Justice McKenna dissents. The majority opinion is, he says, that the officers of one State may falsely represent that a person was personally present in the State and committed a crime there, and had fled from its justice, may arrest such person and take him from another State, the officers of the latter knowing of the false accusation and conniving in and aiding its purpose, thereby depriving him of an opportunity to appeal to the courts; and that such person cannot invoke the rights guaranteed to him by the constitution and statutes of the United States in the State to which he is taken. Justice McKenna denies that certain decisions referred to in the majority opinion sustain this view, for "in neither case" was the State the actor in the wrongs that brought within its confines the accused person.

Then the justice goes on to talk out in meeting thus:

"In the case at bar the States, through their officers, are the offenders. They, by an illegal exertion of power, deprived the accused of a constitutional right. The distinction is important to be observed. It finds expression in Mahon vs. Justice (one of the cases cited in the majority opinion for the majority contention). But it does not need emphasizing. Kidnapping is a crime, pure and simple. It is difficult to accomplish; hazardous at every step. All officers of the law are supposed to be on guard against it. But how is it when the law becomes the kidnapper? When the officers of the law, using its forms and exerting its power, become abductors? This is not a distinction without a difference. It is another form of the crime of kidnapping distinguished from that committed by an individual only by circumstances. If a State may say to one within her borders and upon whom her process is served: 'I will not inquire how you came here; I must execute my laws and remit you to proceedings against those who have wronged you,' may she so plead against her own offense? May she claim that by mere physical presence of the accused within her borders the accused person is within her jurisdiction deprived of his constitutional rights, though he has been brought there by violence?"

"Constitutional rights the accused in this case certainly did have, and valuable ones. The foundation of extradition between the States is, that the accused should be a fugitive from justice from the demanding State, and he may challenge the fact by habeas corpus immediately upon his arrest. If he refute the fact he cannot be removed (V. Corkrain, 198 U. S. 691), and the right to resist removal is not a right of asylum. To call it so, in the State where the accused is, is misleading. It is the right to be free from molestation. It is the right of personal liberty in its most complete sense; and this right was vindicated in V. Corkrain and the action of a constructive presence in a State and a constructive flight from a constructive presence rejected.

"This decision illustrates at once the value of the right, and the value of the means to enforce the right. It is to be hoped that our criminal jurisprudence will not need for its efficient administration the destruction of either the right or the means to enforce it. The decision, in the case at bar, as I view it, brings us perilously near both results."

Here the Justice recites the facts in the case as they were presented in the petition, and as they are summarized above, asserting that this case is different in kind and transcends in consequences those in the cases of Ker vs. Illinois and Mahon vs. Justice, (the decisions cited by the majority), and differs from and transcends them as the power of a State transcends the power

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of an individual. He concludes thus:

"No individual could have accomplished what the power of the two States accomplished. No individual could have commanded the means of success; could have made two arrests of prominent citizens by invading their homes; could have commanded the resources of jails, armed guards and special trains; could have successfully timed all acts to prevent inquiry and judicial interference. The accused, as soon as he could have done so, submitted his rights to the consideration of a federal court. He could not have done so in Colorado. He could not have done so on the way from Colorado. At the first instant that the State of Idaho relaxed its restraining power, he invoked the aid of habeas corpus. He should have been heard, not dismissed from court, and the action of the circuit court in so doing should be reversed."

Now Justice McKenna's law certainly looks good. If Haywood and Moyer were kidnapped by two States (at the instance presumably of the interests opposed to the Western Miners' Federation) should we hesitate to give some credence to the theory of the defense that the three men accused of Steunenberg's murder are so by reason of a job put up by McFarland. If the State will override men's rights in one regard, may it not have done so in another. Justice McKenna's view of the case is favorable to the accused strikers. It is as emphatic in repudiation of their wrongs as the briefs of their own lawyers. What validity is there in a decision the exact reverse of that of Justice McKenna? Does mere number of those holding it compel its acceptance? Does the press choke off this dissenting opinion because Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are Socialists?

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## The Stock Market

Exciting scenes attended the violent breaks in Great Northern, Northern Pacific, St. Paul and Union Pacific shares in the past week. The dealings were on an extensive scale, and much of the liquidation was undoubtedly forced by prominent stock jobbers. The terms of subscription to new St. Paul common and preferred are intensely disliked. Stock brokers are at a loss to account for the unprecedented condition of the call for payments. They are strongly disposed to look for the Senagambian in the wood pile. There is an impression that the call for a \$10,000,000 payment on December 31st must be explained by a desire on the part of the directors of the company to evade the State laws. No other theory of explanation is available at this time, for what else could have moved the officials to exact payment of millions of dollars at a time when the monetary market will be in extreme tension, owing to January 1st disbursements for dividends and interest?

Attorney General Young, of Minnesota, has taken action to prevent the proposed increase in the capital stock of the Great Northern to \$310,000,000, which, with the bonds outstanding, would make a total capitalization of \$425,000,000 for six thousand miles of roads. In the opinion of the Attorney General, that would be a wild inflation of capitalization, inasmuch as it would represent about \$70,000 per mile of both main and branch lines. Some of the branch lines, he declares, did originally not cost more than \$2,000 to build. An inflation such as is now contemplated by the company would be an indirect violation of State laws and lay a most unjust burden upon shippers. In this, the Attorney General is surely right. Railroad companies seem to have gotten into the practice of evading restrictive State and Federal laws and court decisions by augmenting their capitalization. Under court decisions bearing upon maximum freight rate laws, State authorities or the Interstate Commerce Commission cannot reduce rates to such an extent as to prevent railroads from earning a reasonable quota upon their capital stock outstanding. These decisions can be circumvented very easily by just such methods of capital inflation as Attorney General Young is now inveighing against.

It is surprising that State governments have hitherto been so careless or negligent in regard to instituting searching investigations into increases of capital stock by both railroad and industrial corporations. Capital inflation is, perhaps, the worst evil of our remarkable era of consolidation and trusts. Just think of the infinitude of water there is in the capitalizations of the United States Steel Corporation, of the anthracite coal carriers, of the New York Central, Erie, Union Pacific and Pennsylvania! If these and many other corporations were capitalized with any approach to honesty and actual cost they would surely be able to reduce freight and passenger rates, make extensive needed improvements, pay better wages to their employees without impairing their financial position in the least. Honest capitalization would go far towards extirpating the feeling of hostility against trusts that is rising apace all over the land.

The severe declines in the leading shares necessarily affected the entire list unfavorably. In the case of St. Paul, there was good ground to suspect that large inside holders of the stock precipitated liquidation in order to shake out weak holdings poorly margined, and thus acquire heavy blocks of the stock at much reduced quotations. Vague rumors, current ever and anon, that the Harriman gang of financial freebooters had been detected giving orders for large purchases of substantial lots of St. Paul only served to intensify the

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excitement and to foster gloomy apprehensions of renewal of the Hill-Morgan-Harriman brawl in the Northwest. These rumors have so far found little or no credence in well-informed quarters.

Great Northern is coming out in big bunches on every rise of a few points. The "melon-cutting" has been thoroughly discounted. The insiders have played their game well. From all recent appearances, they must have succeeded in unloading a very substantial proportion of their holdings acquired in 1905. Northern Pacific acts like a lame duck.

It has ceased to respond to alluring rumors of Harriman buying. Its movements are merely sympathetic with those in Great Northern. It is to be presumed that the gamble will be resumed after a while, or as soon as money rates have eased off to some degree. For the present, traders are disposed to view things through lenses other than achromatic. They are giving signs at last of being disturbed over the monetary outlook, bank deficits, and an incessant struggle for gold all over the world. Stocks are not specially attractive when borrowers in



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Great Cast headed by Chas. Dalton, Louise Glosser, Dorothy Dorr, Helen Lowell and others.

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New York are willing to pay from 7 to 8 per cent on loans contracted for six and twelve months, and when the Bank of England is bidding 6 per cent for available capital.

The last bank statement showed surplus reserves of \$3,280,000, against \$4,159,000 last year, and \$15,247,000 in 1904. Inland banks are known to have assumed a large portion of Wall street loans in recent times. This shifting of loans is particularly made evident by the fact that the New York trust companies' loans are at present smaller than they were at this time in 1905. In the face of such conditions the question may be asked: What effect will this assumption of Eastern loans on the part of interior banks have on the money market later on, say, in February and March, when, in ordinary times, currency is flowing back in large volume from inland centers to New York? The answer is simple and inevitable. It will make the money situation in Wall street

worse than ever unless, of course, there should, in the meantime, be a good spell of liquidation in stocks and a consequent release of capital which is now tied up. The Secretary of the Treasury is again bothering his head with relief measures. But he cannot do anything that would be of real lasting benefit. He is merely trying to cure the symptoms instead of the cause of the disease.

The Chicago & Alton has declared the regular semi-annual dividend on its preferred shares. But the books of the company are tangled up, it is said. Rock Island officials are now having them gone over by experts. It is intimated the books contain transactions which cannot be explained. These transactions were made shortly after Harriman acquired practically all the outstanding preferred and common stock of the old company. He paid \$200 for the preferred and \$175 for the common. The Rock Island has secured control of the property, its holdings being estimated at 51 per cent of outstanding shares. Whether it secured a bargain, is very questionable. The capitalization of the Chicago & Alton was raised from about \$31,000,000 to \$132,390,750 during the Harriman regime. This is worth deep and diligent pondering, since the company has only 843 miles of road.

## Local Securities.

Brokers report diminishing activity in the St. Louis stock market. There was little demand lately for a few industrial shares. Bank and trust company shares have dropped to the rear, it would seem, after their recent burst of activity. Mississippi Valley sold at 320 the other day, with demand small. Missouri-Lincoln has slid down to about 133. Bank of Commerce is dull, with offerings at 326½. For Mercantile Trust 374 is bid, 376 asked. Boatmen's sold at 247½.

Several small lots of Portland Cement sold at 22¼ and 22¾. Five shares of Simmons Hardware common found a buyer at 128, and Central Coal & Coke common at from 64½ to 64¾. Ten shares of Ely & Walker D. G. 2nd preferred sold at 95. Candy common is quoted at 15¼ bid, with no offerings at this writing.

The United Railways Company reported gross earnings of \$755,549 for November, against \$714,771 for the same month in 1905. Net earnings increased \$10,260. The net income for the year to November 30 is \$1,080,562, against \$650,401 for the corresponding period of 1906. This is after charges. United Railways preferred and common are lower in prices. The first-named is offering at 80½ with bids at 80, while the common is 43 bid.

Commercial paper in this town is quoted at 6 and 7 per cent, exclusive of brokers' commission. Time and call rates are 6 per cent. Drafts on New York have risen to 10 premium bid, 25 premium asked. Sterling exchange is \$4.84¼ for cable transfers. Berlin is 94.40 and Paris 5.217½.

## Answers to Inquiries.

R. F. — Interborough - Metropolitan looks like a splendid gold brick. You had better drop it on the first bulge. Company doesn't even earn its dividend on the preferred.

Mark Tapley, Joplin, Mo.—If you have money to burn, you might risk it in Peoples Gas. Otherwise, would recommend letting it alone. Stock looks attractive, that is to say, to outsiders. Insiders are "feeding it out."

## \*\*\*

## Lynching in America.

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned to the subject of lynching in the United States. It was the general opinion that a large percentage of Americans met death at the end of a rope. Finally the hostess turned to

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## Notice to Taxpayers.

Tax bills for 1906, as well as special bills for sprinkling streets, are payable on or before December 31, 1906. Interest and penalties accrue after January 1, according to law.

JAMES HAGERMAN, JR.,  
Collector of Revenue.

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an American who had taken no part in the conversation, and said:

"You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was giving a dinner at a hotel to a party of intimate friends when a colored waiter

spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady swung him into the air."

"Horrible!" said the hostess with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," admitted the American apologetically. "Just at that moment I happened to be down-stairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange."—Everybody's.



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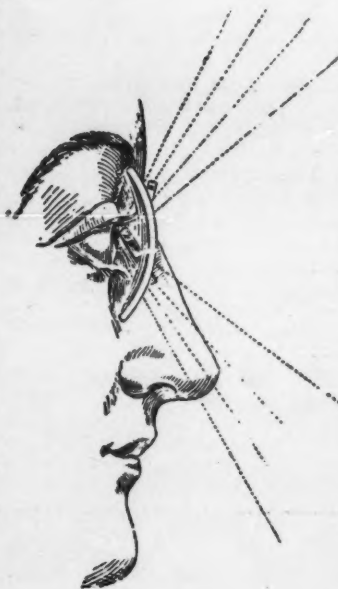
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of America



## NADJA CARMEL CASH PRIZE COMPETITION

We want words for a song to be dedicated to "NADJA CARMELS," and offer \$15 cash for the first best, \$10 cash for second best, and a five-pound box of our delicious Chocolates for third best composition of three verses, adapted to some popular air. This contest closes December 31st next.

A committee of three well-known citizens will be appointed to decide the prize winners, and the names of prize winners will be announced in these columns.

When sending in your composition write your name and address on a separate sheet. Each composition will be numbered immediately upon receipt of same. In that way the contest will be absolutely fair, as the judges themselves will not know who the prize winners are until after their decision.

Everyone is eligible to compete, whether living in St. Louis or elsewhere. You have as good a chance as anyone else, so get busy. No compositions returned before or after the contest closes. Address all communications to

THE CONTEST DEPARTMENT

**Blanke-Wenneker**

ST. LOUIS



St. Louis Ticket Office, 722 Olive Street



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